He liſpes in's neighing able to entice
A Millars Mare,
Hee'l be the death of her.
Doctor. What ſtuffe ſhe utters?
Iaylor. Make curtſie, here your love comes.
Wooer. Pretty ſoule
How doe ye? that's a fine maide, ther's a curtſie.
Daugh. Yours to command ith way of honeſtie;
How far is't now to'th end o'th world my Maſters?
Doctor. Why a daies Iorney wench.
Daugh. Will you goe with me?
Wooer. What ſhall we doe there wench?
Daugh. Why play at ſtoole ball,
What is there elſe to doe?
Wooer. I am content
If we ſhall keepe our wedding there.
Daugh. Tis true
For there I will aſſure you, we ſhall finde
Some blind Prieſt for the purpoſe, that will venture
To marry us, for here they are nice, and fooliſh;
Beſides my father muſt be hang'd to morrow
And that would be a blot i'th buſineſſe
Are not you *Palamon*?
Wooer. Doe not you know me?
Daugh. Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing
But this pore petticoate, and too corſe Smockes.
Wooer. That's all one, I will have you.
Daugh. Will you ſurely?
Wooer. Yes by this faire hand will I.
Daugh. Wee'l to bed then.
Wooer. Ev'n when you will.
Daugh. O Sir, you would faine be nibling.
Wooer. Why doe you rub my kiſſe off?
Daugh. Tis a ſweet one,
And will perfume me finely againſt the wedding.
Is not this your Coſen *Arcite*?
Doctor. Yes ſweet heart,
And I am glad my Coſen *Palamon*

Has

Has made ſo faire a choice.
Daugh. Doe you thinke hee'l have me?
Doctor. Yes without doubt.
Daugh. Doe you thinke ſo too?
Iaylor. Yes.
Daugh. We ſhall have many children: Lord, how y'ar (growne,
My *Palamon* I hope will grow too finely
Now he's at liberty: Alas poore Chicken
He was kept downe with hard meate, and ill lodging
But ile kiſſe him up againe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. What doe you here, you'l looſe the nobleſt fight
That ev'r was ſeene.
Iaylor. Are they i'th Field?
Meſſ. They are
You beare a charge there too.
Iaylor. Ile away ſtraight
I muſt ev'n leave you here.
Doctor. Nay wee'l goe with you,
I will not looſe the Fight.
Iaylor. How did you like her?
Doctor. Ile warrant you within theſe 3. or 4 daies
Ile make her right againe. You muſt not from her
But ſtill preſerve her in this way.
Wooer. I will.
Doc. Lets get her in.
Wooer. Come ſweete wee'l goe to dinner
And then weele play at Cardes.
Daugh. And ſhall we kiſſe too?
Wooer. A hundred times
Daugh. And twenty.
Wooer. I and twenty.
Daugh. And then wee'l ſleepe together.
Doc. Take her offer.
Wooer. Yes marry will we.
Daugh. But you ſhall not hurt me.
Wooer. I will not ſweete.
Daugh. If you doe (Love) ile cry. *Floriſh. Exeunt.*

Scæna.